

what could she know? Relived moments. Pieces of conversations. Memories of shared laughter and anger. How could she make sense of it all? How could she collect it and hold it up for inspection during the middle of the night—search for the cohesive that held it all together for her? Love? What else..why else? Without that, it would all be so impossible...so unbearable. It would really be temporary.

She glanced at the clock and then gently kissed Eric's forehead. Now was not the time for contemplation; now was the time to pull on her boots and catch her bus.

Free, Young Lust

by M. Farinas

Living like the devil

Looking like an angel

I have bilateral symmetry but not really

An illegal alien crossing the border

But just who am I?

Talking Heads or Talking Friends

What the Fuck's the difference?

Psychology or physiology

I love her personality

But I love her physically two

Sometimes similar but often not alike

However, physically seems like nerfs hitting my brain

But nerf balls, pink erasers, and grapefruits; I love these more

Space shuttles running from Earth to the cosmos

Like the brain patterns moving through the electric fields of my brain

Partying, dancing, or just frustration

Looking for the girl with a yellow sweater

Hey! look I'm just really pissed off

I'm just off the wall

Or is my mind being barbed wired within certain limits

Looking for dope in my plasma

Freedom to choose or Freedom to be

It's just a quick means to an end